O TELL ME, BRUTUS

O tell me, Brutus,
with corpses decomposing
in the river,
loved ones keeping fevers
quiet in city hospitals,
the backrooms locked and chained,
the police with new power to seize
and search our hearts, our kisses,
our mutual consents around midnight.

O tell me, Brutus,
what are we to do
with all this leather,
all these whips and chains?

NOW WE THINK

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut
might kill us.
There might be
a pin-sized hole
in the condom.
A lethal leak.

We stop kissing
tall dark strangers,
sucking mustaches,
putting lips
tongues
everywhere.
We return to pictures.
Telephones.
Toys.
Recent lovers.
Private lives.

Now we think
as we fuck
this nut might kill.
This kiss could turn
to stone.